The Myrtle.

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13.

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Spring.

THE merry Spring is come again;
The Frost-king's reign is o'er:
And flowers fair bedeck the plain,
Where snow wreaths shone before.

The drifting snow and rattling hail
Have turned to cheering rain;
It clothes with green both hill and dale,
And swells the new-sown grain.

The birds with songs the woodlands thrill,
The farmer guides the plough;
The breezes with sweet fragrance fill
From many a budding bough.

The brooks make music as they flow
Through channels fringed with green;
And o'er the waters clear as snow
The cowslip bright is seen.

H. H. D.

The May Festival.

FROM THE GERMAN.

A CUCKOO here, his sweet mate there,
Where towers a lofty peak;
Hark! roundabout sounds sweetly forth
What they unceasingly speak.

"Oh say, what could be yet more fair,
What sweeter among the sweet,
Than overhead the sunshine bright,
And fresh green under our feet?

Oh say, what could be yet more fair,
What sweeter among the sweet,
Than when two hearts so young and pure
In May so lovingly greet?"

Miss N. M. Cabell.

For the Myrtle.

Mamie's Birthday Gifts.

SEVERAL little girls were grouped together under the maple tree that grew by the schoolhouse door, one day after the school was over.

They were all neatly dressed except little Mamie Benson, an orphan girl that lived with Mrs. Williams, who did not love the child, and therefore took no pains to keep her clothes clean and neat, and Mamie was not yet old enough to keep them so herself; but one thing she could and did do, and that was to keep her short, curly, flaxen hair neatly combed and her face and hands always clean.

"I should think Mamie's apron was made for her great grandma, shouldn't you, girls?" asked Annie Wayne.

"Yes," replied Dell Heminway, while all cast a contemptuous glance at Mamie.

"There are seven patches on her dress," said Cora Day, "and how they look! I know well enough she put them on herself."

"And none of them are alike," added Beulah Snow.

"And she always goes barefoot and wears an old sun bonnet everywhere she goes; suppose we don't play with her any more," said Ella Perry.

"Agreed," answered one and all.

Mamie left her seat under the tree, and went slowly toward home, sobbing bitterly.

"I wish I could die," she wailed, "mamma, oh mamma."

Without knowing it, she had reached the gate belonging to the yard of her home, and Mrs. Williams being out in the door-yard had heard Mamie's sobs and words.

"Why Mamie, dear child, what is the matter?" she asked, springing to the gate, while she sat down by Mamie and put an arm around her, her heart softened by the little girl's grief.

Mamie hushed her cries and looked up into Mrs. Williams' face with surprise, for this was the first time she had ever bestowed any sympathy or tenderness upon her.

"The girls won't play with me, and they make fun of my clothes; and no one loves me since mamma died," said Mamie with tears in her voice.

Mrs. Williams led her into the house, and taking her into her lap she let the little flaxen head rest upon her bosom, while she kissed her and said:

"Now, Mamie darling, I am going to love you and be a mother to you hereafter, and dress you so pretty that the girls will not slight you any more, if you will forgive me for neglecting you so long."

Mamie's heart was too full for words, but she put her little arm around her neck, and nestled a little closer to her, and thus the now happy Mamie fell asleep.

"How we have neglected the poor child," said Mrs. Williams, bending over her, "but we will not any more; to-morrow is her birthday, is it not?"

"Yes, and she must have a birthday present of some better clothes, and things such as other little girls own."

Now we will return to the little girls under the tree.

"I think you are too bad, girls," said little Zorada Glen.

"Now, Zoe, you just stop," said Annie.

"No one asked your opinion," added Dell.

"But *I* must express *my* opinion, if it is not asked," said Miss Ashton, their teacher, coming out from the schoolhouse and joining the group under the tree.

"Now, girls, if you had no papa or mamma, what would you do?"

"Oh, but we have, Miss Ashton," said several.

"But you may not have always; what would you do if you had none now?"

"I should go and live with my Uncle Dolph and Aunt Lida," replied Annie.

"And I should live with my grandpa and grandma," said Dell.

"But if you had no Uncle Dolph and Aunt Lida, or grandma and grandpa?"

"We should live with—with—some one else, I s'pose."

"Yes, and you might live with some one that would not love you, or dress you any better than Mrs. Williams does Mamie; then how do you suppose you would feel to have your schoolmates treat you as you have treated her to-day."

Every face looked very sober, and many eyes were brimful of tears when Miss Ashton left them.

"We will tell Mamie how sorry we are to-morrow," they said, "and we will never be naughty to her again."

When Mamie awoke the next morning, she found lying on the foot of her bed, some neat and pretty clothes suitable for school wear, some new school books, a little book of poems, and a great wax doll, such as all little girls delight in.

And on a piece of paper that was fastened to each article was printed (for Mamie could not read writing,) "A Birthday gift for our little Mamie."

Mamie looked around her, in a sort of bewildered amazement.

At this moment Mrs. Williams entered the room, and clasping the little form of Mamie in her arms, said,

"And you have my love for a birthday gift."

"*Our* love, you mean," said Mr. Williams.

"Oh! that is the best of all," she exclaimed, fairly jumping for joy.

Before it was quite school time, a bevy of little school girls called for Mamie to go to school with them.

"Mamie is in her room," said Mrs. Williams; "it is her birthday."

"Did you give her a present?" asked Cora.

"Yes," she replied.

"I wish we had something to give her," said Effie.

"We can give her a kiss," suggested Zorada.

"You always think just right, Zoe," said Beulah; "may we go in and see her, Mrs. Williams?"

"Oh, yes," was the reply, "and you can give her your love for a birthday gift too."

"So we will," they exclaimed.

"What a happy birthday," said Mamie, almost beside herself for joy; then she cried a little, but the tears she shed were happy tears.

Children, do you not know of some little girl that you can make happy, as these little girls made Mamie happy?

Sara Frances Page.

Rules in Attending Church.

MY young friends, boys and girls, I wish to give you some rules which, if observed, will be of service to you, about attending church.

1. Always make a practice of going to meeting on the Lord's day. Do not fail in this; it will be a great advantage to you.

2. Go in time; be in your seats quietly ere a prayer is offered, a song of praise is sung, or the work of God is read or expounded. One very important part of our religion should be not to disturb the religion of others.

3. Never loiter by the way, mingle with evil companions, or indulge in worldly conversation. "Keep your hearts with all diligence, for out of them are the issues of life."

4. When you arrive at the place of worship, enter immediately, and not remain outside a moment.

5. As you enter, walk softly to your seat, and always be ready to give place to ladies and your superiors.

6. Engage in silent aspirations; lift your little hearts to God beseechingly for a special blessing to accompany the word of life to your own souls and to every one present.

7. Never gaze about to gratify a vain curiosity. Keep your eye and heart fixed intently, prayerfully, on things above. "Be more ready to hear, than to give the sacrifice of fools."

8. Never indulge in lolling, lounging, dozing, or sleeping a moment. The example is bad; besides, it is manifestly disrespectful to God, to his ministers, his house and to yourself.

9. Avoid reading books or periodicals during the time of the religious exercises.

10. When the text is referred to by the minister, turn to it in your Bible and notice its purport. Listen attentively to the discourse, and pray silently that you may understand it and be profited by it.

11. Never leave your seat or the house until the close of the meeting, unless absolutely necessary.

12. Never leave the house hastily or abruptly; but when the exercises are closed walk softly and deliberately out.

13. Retire immediately to your residence, avoiding all intercourse that will tend in the least to dissipate the mind or counteract the influence of the solemn truths you have heard.

14. Give the outlines of the discourse, sermon, or other instruction and exercises of the sanctuary to which you have attended, to your parents; endeavoring to fix every admonition and word of instruction deeply and firmly in your heart, searching the Bible to see whether these things are so, that fruit may abound unto eternal life.

15. *Practice what you hear.* "Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves."

"Can other themes your heart engage
And meaner things your thoughts employ?
Why make the glittering things of earth
Your greatest good, your chiefest joy?"

The Pet Lamb.

BROTHERS and sisters have I *none*,'
Said Charley Scott, one day,
"And oft, when mother's out at work,
Alone at home I stay.

Yet not alone—one faithful friend
I have the hours to cheer,
And that is you, my snow-white lamb!
My kind companion dear.

And when from shopping in the town
I homeward come, I see
You lightly bounding o'er the fields,
To meet and welcome me.

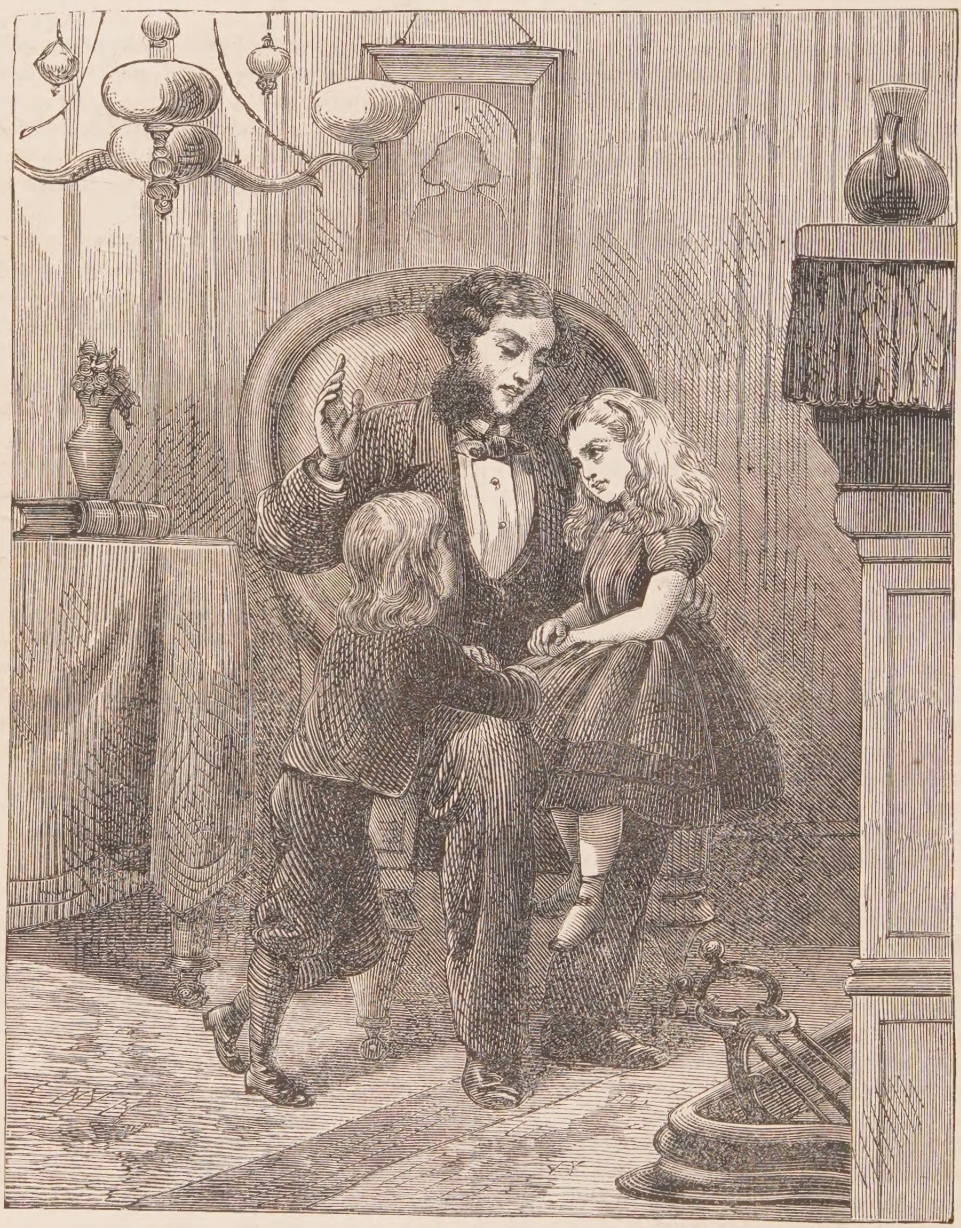
You are so gentle, your meek breast
Was ne'er by anger stirred;
You never think an unkind thought,
Nor speak a spiteful word.

I've not a sixpence in the world,
But what I speak is true;
Far rather I'd be mean and poor,
Than rich and part with you."

—*From Our Children's Pets.*

Little Deeds.

Let us be content, in work,
To do the thing we can, and not presume
To fret because it's little. 'Twill employ
Seven men, they say, to make a perfect pin.
Who makes the head consents to miss the point;
Who makes the point agrees to leave the head;
And if a man should cry, "I want a pin,
And I must make it straightway, head and point,"
His wisdom is not worth the pin he wants.



For the Myrtle.

The Parent taught by his Child.

I KNEW a playful little child
Not passing four years old,
Her eye was bright, her features mild,
Her locks were tinged with gold;
Her sweet expression when she smiled
A thousand raptures told.

Her father was a pious man,
Though often wore a gloom
Of sadness on his countenance,
As fearful of the doom
Of kindred, whom in early life
He followed to the tomb.

He by the window sat one eve,
His children at his knee;
It was as beautiful a night
As one could wish to see,
And pointing to the firmament
"Pray can you tell," said she,

"How all those pretty stars so bright
In yon blue heaven came,
That give so beautiful a light
Much like the candle flame?
I see them often, every night
They twinkle just the same.

"'Twas God, my child, who made them all,
The same that made the flowers,
He made the beauteous rainbow bright
We notice after showers.
'Tis he protects us when awake
And guards our sleeping hours."

"Do you not love that gracious God
Who is so kind and good?"
"I do, indeed, with all my heart,
'Tis He, that gives me food.
He formed the pretty little birds
And feeds them in the wood.

He loves you, too, my little Jane,
Better than tongue can tell,
He loves you dearer far than I,
Although I love you well;
But you must always please him, Jane,
Or you will go to hell."

"And what is hell?" the prattler said,
With an enquiring eye.
"It is a lake of flaming fire
Where children, when they die,
Who have not kept God's holy law
Will *burn eternally*."

"I thought you told me he was good,
And loved me more than you;"
"I did, my child," the father said,
"He does, I told you true.
"But would *you* burn me in the fire
For aught that I could do?"

The father, pensive, hung his head,
And clasped her to his breast;
Took up the Bible, where he read
That little ones were blest;
Of such, the dear Redeemer said,
Is the bright world of rest.

That God's kind care is over all
The erring sons of men,
And that a sparrow cannot fall
Without his special ken;
That Christ, the Saviour, died for *all*,
That *all* might live again.

Dear God, it seems to me that Love must be
The Missionary of Eternity!
Must still find work, in worlds beyond the grave,
So long as there's a single soul to save;
Must from the highest heaven yearn to tell
Thy message; be the Christ to some dark hell,
That all divergent lines at length will meet
To make the clasping round of Love complete.

For the Myrtle.

The Doll's Party.

ANNIE had had a birthday party every year for her seven years. But the eighth birthday came around and for the first time she could have no party. Her father was sick, and the house must be kept in its usual quiet. Annie offered no word of complaint, of course, she was so anxious for her father, but she thought of her birthday with a sigh and the day promised to be a sad one for her.

But her thoughtful mother prepared a little surprise for her. She invited her little friend Ruth to come and spend the afternoon, and bring all her dolls for a doll's party. She told Annie to get out all her dolls and "play party;" and behold, in the midst of it Ruth walked in with a good half dozen more.

They took the dolls out under the oak tree in the yard, and there they held a very cosy party

and got up a delicious supper, such as dolls never tasted before. While Annie's father listened to their pleasant "twittering" under the window and watched their games from his couch within, and was almost as much entertained as they.

After he got well he told Annie he thought the pleasantest and best-behaved party she ever had was the doll's party. *H. A. B.*

For the Myrtle.

A First of May.

(Concluded.)

AT this moment Annie announced that another "Jack in the Green" was coming up the opposite street. The "My Lady" was tall and stout, with a very red face and nose, and she appeared to find some difficulty in dancing at all! whilst the "My Lord" was short and small, but remarkably lively in his movements. Annie and I were so delighted that we laughed loudly and clapped our hands. As we did so, a gentleman of long and severe countenance drew near, and evidently thinking that we were laughing at him, scowled deeply at us and shook his head. How surprised we were at first, and how amused afterwards, for it was such a joke that the gentleman should think we were laughing at him, when it was only at "My Lord" and "My Lady!" But unfortunately this gave me a new idea.

"Supposing we make some one else think that we are laughing at them."

"Oh, that would be capital!" said Annie; "and afterwards we could point down the street to show that we had only been laughing at the May sweeps."

Soon an elderly woman, whose face wore a very serious expression, came by the window. We laughed hysterically, closing our eyes, and rolling from side to side, whilst we pointed straight before us. Her first movement was to feel of her bonnet to see if anything was missing or out of place, her next to look over her shoulders at her shawl. We continued to laugh, and then she looked up in angry amazement, and said,

"Oh, you naughty little girls!"

We only laughed the more, and she continued,

"I shall knock at the door, and ask to see your parents, and tell them."

This was a terrible threat! With forced laughter we again pointed down the opposite street, as though we had not seen or heard her, and she, turning, beheld the "Jack in the Green," but notwithstanding gave us a look of incredulity, and who should come up just then but Grandpa Yolland's housekeeper, Ann; and when Ann came on to the doorstep the woman stopped her, and there was a conversation, during which they both looked at us, and Ann shook her finger. Oh! how glad we were when the woman went off at last, and how we hurried to the street door to let Ann in ourselves, and beg her not to say anything about it.

"It was only for fun, and the woman looked so cross!"

"Cross!" repeated Ann. "I'm thinking, my young ladies that you would look cross too, if there was sickness in the family, and you had to earn your own living, and didn't get half paid for sitting up at night to sew shirts, when you make such a fuss and look so pouty if you have as much as a pocket handkerchief or a towel to hem. Aint you ashamed of yourselves?"

We said that we were very sorry that the woman was poor, and wished we knew where she lived, so that we could give her something.

"Well," said Ann, "that's easily managed. I know where she lives, and if you like to give me your pennies instead of spending them on pewter gridirons with red and green fishes on them (a favorite toy of ours) and such rubbish, I'll get some real fish for that poor soul to eat, and some bread to go with it."

This was a practical suggestion, and we emptied the contents of our pockets into Ann's hands, and when we saw her go straight towards the kitchen stairs we gave a sigh of relief.

What should we play at now? Couldn't we make a "Jack in the Green" by cutting out green paper leaves, and fastening them on to a pyramid of newspapers pasted together? It would take too much time, and besides we were not sure that Mrs. Yolland would like the soup ladle to have gilt paper pasted all over it. So we thought we would go into the garden, and look at the turtle who lived in an earthernware pot filled with water. There was a high wall at the end of the garden, and from behind it we could hear the beating of a toy drum, and the shrill sounds of a tin whistle. We immediately piled up a quantity of flower pots, and managed to climb to the top of the wall, when we saw a number of children dressed in all sorts of odds and ends, pretending to be May sweeps.

"There's Rhoda with her amber necklace, and

there's Harvey Phillips pretending to be a clown," whispered Annie.

Harvey Phillips heard her laugh, and looked up quickly with a blushing face. Then one of the girls who held a soup ladle began to dance round and round.

Annie laughed again provokingly, and I joined in, until the girl discontinued, and running up to an older girl whispered something, with a baleful look at us.

"Let them laugh!" replied the other with a contemptuous air.

Then both girls danced rather slowly, pretending not to notice us, at which we laughed more than ever, and applauded with our hands, exclaiming,

"Isn't it perfectly charming? Oh, do go on, pray. *Won't* you favor us? It is *such* a treat to watch you! You cannot imagine how pleased we are with your graceful attitudes!"

The girls at last became so provoked that, after giving us indignant looks for which we blew back kisses, and clasped our hands with affected delight, they proceeded to make grimaces at us, and one of the boys threatened to throw a stone at us. Indeed, one boy actually did throw one, and in trying to avoid it we both fell from the wall amongst the flower pots to the ground, and the children on the other side had the satisfaction of hearing the cries of pain that escaped us.

What a mortification! How foolish now appeared to us our conduct. We had in the first place insulted a worthy and unfortunate woman, and now had interfered with the amusements and roused the angry passions of the little neighbors, and gained their ill will, which perhaps might never change into kindly feeling towards us as long as we lived, and we had marks upon us that we should bear for many a day to remind us of our folly. *Clelia Lega Weeks.*

Books. Give us a house furnished with books rather than furniture! Both, if you can, but books at any rate! To spend several days in a friend's house, and hunger for something to read while you are treading on costly carpets, and sitting down upon luxurious chairs, and sleeping upon down, is as if one were bribing your body for the sake of cheating your mind. Books are the windows through which your soul looks. A house without books is a room with no windows.

From Iowa.

We are glad to hear from this new school, and glad to know that it enjoys the Myrtle enough to wish to appear in it. These introductions will do us all good. But we trust another year the *uot* will be left out of the sentence about keeping up the school all the year. Mark what follows: "most of them attend the other schools." Why not attend *their own* school then? That is what generally follows, we believe, when the school is suspended for the winter. The children will go somewhere. It is not they who feel unable to go. The Myrtle will want to visit you, friends, all next winter, and to find you in your own snug little church. Let us hear from you then.

Strawberry Point, April 21st, 1872.

Editor Myrtle:—I thought perhaps it might be interesting to some of your readers to hear from our little school. We have a town of about five hundred inhabitants, have three churches, and three Sunday Schools. Our school is not kept up all the year; we close it about the first of November and open again about the first of April. We have just reorganized our school with forty scholars and eight teachers. To-day was the second school this spring, and we had a very good time, and all seemed delighted to get back to their school, as the most of them had been attending the other churches and schools. We have a very good church to meet in for a new country, have services every alternate Sabbath; our school gives concerts every four or six weeks through the summer. We only had ten copies of the Myrtle last year, but hope to have many more this season.

Respectfully yours, S.

From New Hampshire.

Weare, April 7th, 1872.

Dear Myrtle:—All of the sessions of our Sunday School are interesting, yet occasionally there is one which on account of some peculiar circumstance is particularly so. Our session to-day was one of this kind. It is the ninth birthday of one of our scholars, Hemmie Clement. Since she was four years of age, that is, for the past five years, she has not been absent one Sabbath. To-day, our Superintendent, in behalf of the school, presented her with a nice book as an encouragement for her faithfulness

During these five years, the storms and travelling have sometimes been so bad, that some of our boys have stayed at home, but Hemmie was sure to be there. Three years ago, she was thrown from a sled, and her collar bone was broken. For some time after this, she could not wear a dress or sacque, but she did not think this a sufficient reason for staying away from her loved Sunday School, so she came wearing a long-sleeved apron and wrapped in a shawl

I mention these things, dear children, that you may see that Hemmie has overcome difficulties in order to be present, hoping that her example may stimulate you to try to be in your class every Sabbath, thereby cheering the hearts of your Superintendents and teachers, and at the same time storing your own minds with those precious truths which will be of value to you all your life long.

L. F.

——A Boston publisher, having offered a premium for the best Sunday School book, received three hundred manuscripts, making a pile two feet high, two feet wide, and five feet long.

——An honored Universalist, beloved of all who knew him, Mr. Ebenezer Shaw of Sheshequin, Pa., died last autumn at the age of one hundred years, three months and twelve days.

Life of the Saviour.

LESSON LXXXVI

THE WAY TO OBTAIN ETERNAL LIFE.

"I am the Way and the Truth and the Life."

SCRIPTURE,—Math. xix. 16–30. Mark x. 17–31. Luke xviii. 17–30.

Question. — Who came to Jesus to inquire how he should secure eternal life?

Answer. — Luke xviii. 18.

NOTE. The Greeks had two words to express life. One meant animal life, and from it we have the words zoology and zoological. The other meant the true life of a man, and from it we have the words biography and biology. The eternal life is not a mere continuation of existence, it is the true life of man — the life of his heart and soul and mind.

Q. — In what manner did he come?

A. — Mark x. 17.

Q. — What attitude did he take?

A. — Mark x. 17.

NOTE. He seems to have had great admiration for Jesus and to have felt confident of receiving a satisfactory answer to his inquiry.

Q. — What commandments did Jesus ask him if he had kept?

A. — Mark x. 19.

Q. — What did the ruler reply?

A. — Mark x. 20.

Q. — What was Christ's feeling towards him?

A. — Mark x. 21.

NOTE. He seems to have been frank and open, but still self-righteous.

Q. — How many things did Jesus tell him he lacked of eternal life?

A. — Mark x. 21.

Q. — What did Jesus tell him he must do in addition to keeping the commandments, to obtain eternal life?

A. — Mark x. 21.

Q. — How was the young man affected by this statement of the Saviour?

A. — Mark x. 22.

Q. — Why was he sorrowful?

A. — Mark x. 22.

NOTE. He was fond of his riches. He trusted in them too much. He did not love his fellow men as he ought. And he was not willing to surrender earthly possessions for the things of heaven.

Q. — As the young man went away, what did Jesus say to his disciples?

A. — Mark x. 23.

Q. — How did this affect the disciples?

A. — Mark x. 24.

Q. — Seeing their astonishment, what did he say to them?

A. — Mark x. 25.

NOTE. The Saviour was stating the extreme difficulty. Some commentators say that the camel was a large rope or cable, and Christ's comparison is of the difficulty of threading a needle with a rope or cable.

Q. — Did the astonishment of the disciples increase?

A. — Mark x. 26.

Q. — What question did they ask their Master?

A. — Mark x. 26.

Q. — What did Peter, speaking for the whole of them, ask Jesus?

A. — Mark x. 28.

NOTE The disciples still thought that Christ's kingdom was to be an earthly one; and if it was to be difficult for rich men to enter the kingdom of heaven, what was to be their reward? Were they to be the principal officers in Christ's worldly kingdom and rich in their offices, and so lose the kingdom of heaven. Peter was perplexed.

Q. — What were those to have who should forsake all for Christ and his truth?

A. — Mark x. 30.

NOTE. By the phrases "this time" and the "world to come," are meant the time before and the time after the establishment of Christ's kingdom.

Answers.

MAY 4. No. 1, "Thou art the Christ." No. 2, Sabachthani. No. 3, Japheth.

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